

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

WITH ALL TRY GETTING UNDERSTANDING. Solomon.

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THE CROWN OF THORNS.

EVERYONE who has read the New Testament will instantly recognize on looking at the engraving here given, what the artist intended to represent. It is the crowning of our Savior with the wreath of thorns just previous to His crucifixion. The Jews, whose king He was, had condemned Him, crying "His blood be on us, and on our children." Not content with taking His life, they first led Him into the common hall and there clothed Him in a scarlet robe; the crown of thorns was placed on His head, a reed in His right hand, while around Him stood and bowed His persecutors mocking, reviling and smiting Him. "Hail, King of the Jews!" "Prophecy!" "Save now thyself!" were the words which the rabble derisively shouted at Him. But He, with His wonted meekness, "answered them never a word."

At the time when Jesus Christ suffered death, but very few of those among whom He labored appreciated or honored Him, and only here and there was one to be found who was willing to accept His teachings. But since that time what a remarkable change has taken place in the minds of the human family with regard to the "Son of man!"

Now, all so-called civilized nations on the face of the earth are professed Christians, while those who do not believe in Christ are termed heathens. Now, the places where the Redeemer suffered so much, are considered sacred, and pieces of wood, said to be part of His cross, and thorns, known (?) to have been once a part of His crown, are valued more highly than the costliest jewels.

In the Church of St. Ursula at Cologne, Germany, the writer once saw three thorns purported to have been part of Jesus' crown, a piece of the reed which was placed in His hand, a portion of His clothing and one of the water-pots of stone which contained the water that was changed into wine at the marriage feast at Cana, of Galilee. The Church of Notre Dame in Paris also possesses what is said to be the genuine crown of thorns, a piece of the cross and a nail which was used in the crucifixion. These relics are all carefully guarded, and are supposed by many to possess a certain charm which protects the possessor in every dangerous place.

How curious it does seem that those very individuals who in one generation were persecuted, reviled and hated, in a few generations subse-



quently became heroes, and were acknowledged by mankind generally to have been the men whom God authorized to preach His Gospel.

That same spirit of opposition to the truth which manifested itself in the days when our Savior trod the earth, is apparent in these days. Joseph Smith, who taught no other than the ancient and everlasting gospel, who advanced no other than correct principles never knew what it was to be entirely free from persecution, from the time that he became engaged in the work until his blood was shed. Future generations will yet revere and honor his name, as also the names of other worthy men who to-day are considered by the world generally to be shrewd imposters.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued from page 164.)

THE country through which the "Mormon Battalion" passed in the early part of December, abounded with wild cattle. It was estimated that about four thousand of them were seen in one day. Many of these were killed to furnish the battalion with beef, and of that kind of food the men had a surfeit, for they had beef and that alone to subsist upon. There seemed to be comparatively few cows in the herds they saw, and it was presumed that they had been killed off by the Indians. The wild bulls were disposed to show fight, especially when wounded, and some little trouble and excitement was caused in the ranks by these animals bounding into the midst of the men in their mad fury and goring and trampling upon everything in their way. Two men were severely injured, one mule gored to death and some others were knocked down and hurt. These bulls were very hard to kill and would charge upon the men in furious desperation after having half a dozen bullets shot into them, unless one happened to penetrate the heart. While traveling down the river San Pedro, where thickets of muskeet and other brush were very abundant, the attacks of these wild animals became so frequent that it was found necessary for the safety of the men, to travel with their muskets ready loaded and fire a volley at the animals on their first approach.

The guides, who were sent on in advance of the battalion, returned one evening and reported that their most direct route was through the old garrison town of Tucson, about two days travel in advance of them, but that they would likely find difficulty in passing through it, as there was a strong force of Mexican soldiers there, who could easily raise volunteers among the citizens to assist them in offering a resistance, and that they intended to prevent the battalion from entering their town. Also that one of their number, Doctor Foster, had been detained at Tucson as a spy.

Colonel Cooke was not the man to be daunted, nor turned a hundred miles out of his way by a Mexican garrison, and he accordingly drilled his men, inspected their fire-arms, dealt out to them an extra supply of ammunition, and issued to them the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS, Mormon Battalion,

Camp on the San Pedro, Dec. 13, 1846.

"Thus far on our course to California, we have followed the guides furnished us by the general. These guides now point to Tucson, a garrison town, as our road and assert that any

other course is a hundred miles out of the way and over a trackless wilderness of mountains, rivers and hills. We will march then to Tucson. We came not to make war on Sonora and less still to destroy an important outpost of defense against Indians. But we will take the straight road before us and overcome all resistance, but shall I remind you that the American soldier ever shows justice and kindness to the unarmed and unresisting? The property of individuals you will hold sacred: the people of Sonora are not our enemies.

"By order of LIEUT. COL. COOKE.

"P. C. MERRILL, Adjutant."

The battalion then resumed their march towards Tucson. On the way they met three Spanish soldiers bringing a message from the governor of Fort Tucson to Colonel Cooke, informing him that he must pass around the town, otherwise he would have to fight. These soldiers were taken prisoners by order of the colonel, to be held as hostages for the safety of Dr. Foster, who was detained by the Mexicans. He then sent two guides to Fort Tucson and informed the governor of what he had done and that he did not intend to alter his course, but should pass through the town peaceably. That night a number of Spaniards from Tucson arrived at the battalion camp bringing with them Doctor Foster and the two guides last sent there, when, of course, they redeemed the Spanish prisoners who were held as hostages. The following morning the command marched to Tucson, where they met with no opposition, for the soldiers and a great many of the citizens had been so overcome with fear on hearing of the approach of the battalion that they had fled and taken with them their two cannons and what valuable property they could get away with, and left the town and the rest of the inhabitants to the mercy of their supposed enemies. The citizens who remained, treated the command in the best possible style, and exchanged coarse flour, meal, beans, tobacco, quinces, etc., for old clothes and such things as the men had to dispose of. A large quantity of wheat belonging to the Spanish government was found stored in the town, out of which the colonel ordered the mules to be fed and that sufficient of it be taken along with them to feed the mules a distance of ninety miles; but though he took this liberty with the government property, he strictly charged his men to hold sacred private property as they passed through the town. After leaving Tucson, the battalion had an extensive desert to cross which again put to the test the endurance of the men. For a distance of seventy-five miles they traveled without water for their mules and but a very little for a few of the men; and that little such as they could suck or lap up out of mud holes in some marshy places they found. Colonel Cooke, the officer in command, though very strict with his men and rigid in the enforcement of discipline, could not refrain from expressing the pride he naturally felt at the willingness of his men to brave danger, endure hardships and obey his orders. After getting across the desert he remarked that he never would have ventured upon it if he had known its situation and what a task it would be to cross it. He congratulated his men on their success in getting through and said that he did not believe any other class of men could have accomplished what they had done without showing signs of mutiny. On reaching the Gila river they met hundreds of Pima Indians who greeted them warmly, traded them provisions and gave them the privilege of traveling through their villages. These Indians were peaceably disposed, contented, stal-

wart fellows and superior in every respect to those the battalion had previously encountered on their journey. They spent their time principally in tilling the soil and manufacturing clothing, in which branches they displayed considerable skill. The Mexicans, on learning of the approach of the battalion, had tried to induce these Indians to unite with them in offering a resistance, promising them if they would do so that they should have all the spoil to be obtained in a fight. This the Pima chief flatly refused to do, saying that his tribe had never shed the blood of white men and he did not wish them to. On reaching the Gila river the battalion intersected General Kearny's trail, which up to this time had been considerably north of their route. Colonel Cooke also obtained from the chief of the Pimas a quantity of store goods and some mules that he had been entrusted with by General Kearny to keep until the battalion arrived. In this vicinity also they met three pilots sent back by General Kearny to meet and conduct the battalion by the nearest route to the ocean. These pilots informed the colonel that he had made the trip to there in one month's less time than General Kearny expected.

(To be Continued.)

PROPER CONDUCT.

BY JOS. IRWIN.

WE are often having evidence presented before us that some of our young people are not as respectful in their behavior as they should be. In fact, it is the opinion of some who have gathered from the "old countries" that there is a great lack of respect for sacred things and places manifested among some of the youth of Zion. We purpose at the present time, to enter into the consideration of some of the rougher matters that attract our attention; not, however, in any spirit of fault-finding, but merely to encourage the young people to cultivate good manners. We think that our boys and girls are entitled to a little excuse for their roughness when we consider that they have been born in a land of freedom—a land that cannot be surpassed for pure air, pure water and natural surroundings, tending in themselves to establish a race of patriots and freemen. They feel that liberty is their birthright, that no power nor influence can bring them into bondage. This is a praiseworthy feeling, if it be kept within proper limits. A fundamental doctrine of the gospel of Jesus Christ is that mankind are free agents. But we think that some of our boys mistake this glorious gift of liberty for license. They sometimes act as though all the liberty in the world belonged to them individually, and that others have no rights they are called upon to respect.

We sometimes have the painful experience of seeing our school-house fences torn down, picket after picket, wilfully and deliberately, for no other motive than the gratification of mischievous propensities. We see boys occasionally assembled at the corners near meeting houses, annoying people going to worship by making unbecoming and disrespectful remarks about the persons passing. On entering some houses of worship, we find some persons so deficient of respect for holy places as to make up and smoke the ever-disagreeable cigarette or pipe, to the disgust and annoyance of all lovers of good order. And we are sorry to say that this is not confined to the younger men, for some of those to whom we should look for

much better things are also guilty of these habits. In our experience in some of the "old countries" where many of the Latter-day Saints used to sing:

"O Babylon, O Babylon, we bid thee farewell,
We're going to the mountains of Ephraim to dwell,"

we found that though a man might be a drunkard, a swearer, a thief, or a liar, or was he ever so vile, he was, as a rule, orderly and respectful when he entered a place of worship. Of course, the meetings of the Saints were often disturbed, but these disturbances formed the great and almost absolute exceptions.

What we wish to establish by these remarks is that though there is an almost endless amount of crime and degradation in the world, there are yet some good traits left, not the least among which (we refer to the older nations—Great Britain for example) is the veneration manifest upon entering a place of worship.

We are happy to see that the evils of which we have spoken are being checked in many places. We are pleased to note the great progress that is being made by the Sabbath schools, under the divine blessing, in educating our boys and girls in the principles of good order and politeness, as well as in the principles of the gospel, as they are commonly termed.

The many difficulties with which the settlement of these valleys has been associated, the extra hard labor to be performed in making the land tillable and habitable, the isolated condition of the people and the fact that we have nearly all arrived in Zion destitute of means, with but comparatively few exceptions, and many other disadvantageous circumstances which have attended the building up of Zion in the mountains, all these considered, we think, justify in some measure the lack of proper training that we sometimes see. But, in the providence of God, matters have taken a more salutary position. Zion is being more firmly rooted in the valleys of the mountains; the Saints have become comparatively wealthy; the primary associations, Sabbath schools, improvement associations, choral societies, etc., are in full working order in nearly all the wards of the various stakes of Zion. Now there is not a boy or girl among the Saints who should be without the beneficial influence of these institutions, and we hope to see as a result, continued improvement in all things that will make of our sons and daughters, ladies and gentlemen in the best and purest sense.

We want to see our boys discard the use of tobacco and liquor entirely, and especially never to intrude its noxious fumes or scent into the house of worship. How pleasing it is to see well behaved children! We meet with some Sabbath schools where we could hear a pin drop if we made the test. We see our little brethren and sisters in such schools close their eyes in prayer, and when the prayer is ended unite in saying, "Amen," earnestly and reverentially. How sweet the singing sounds in such schools! Everything seems to work like a charm, and, even after the closing prayer has been said, it seems like music indeed to hear how nicely and quietly they pass out of the door. When we visit schools of this kind, we think how good it would be if such excellent order were observed in all our Sunday schools. What is the secret? Simply that the scholars have been instructed in school and at home in that golden rule enunciated by the Savior: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them." That is the foundation of all true politeness. If we truly consider that rule and adopt it in our lives we have a better formula of politeness than was ever pronounced by any

writer on etiquette in the world. It is true there are usages and forms which are well to observe, which are but branches from this same root, but we will always find that good breeding and the golden rule will be about one and the same thing. This divine admonition would prompt us to observe good order in all places and reverence toward the places of worship of God especially. By it we would always give preference to the aged, be respectful to all men that merit respect; we would honor all wholesome laws and regulations, would refrain from anything rude and unbecoming, and make ourselves loved by good men and women and honored and blessed by God.

Let us then remember this golden rule, and have it indelibly written upon our hearts. It will teach us how to behave, because we will ask ourselves, "how would we like this or that were we in his or her place?" and we can always depend on being right if we pursue this course.

Before closing allow me to refer to a practice common in many quarters of calling aged persons by their given names, and often by nick-names. When we hear our fathers and mothers spoken of as old Jack, or Bill, or Polly, or Betsy, and so on, how bad it makes us feel! How it grates upon our ears! How much more pleasant we feel when we hear parents spoken of as brother and sister so and so! There is a genuine ring of sociability in those expressions, and something that savors strongly of the gospel.

We hope that the good seed now being sown by the many institutions of Zion, and by its standard publications, will be blessed to spring up in the minds of our boys and girls so that they will be the "bulwarks of Zion" in very deed, and that through them Zion will "arise and shine" to the glory of God and the salvation of mankind.

RIGHT WILL WIN.

A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY J. H. W.

IT was a pleasant afternoon in February, nearly twenty years ago, that Nellie B— came running home from school.

"O, mother!" she exclaimed, "what do you think! There is going to be a prize given on exhibition day for the best composition, and I mean to try for it; sha'n't I, mother?"

She was a true child of nature, twelve years of age, red cheeks, large, blue eyes, and a profusion of soft, flaxen hair, which was streaming in such disorder about her glowing face that one could scarcely tell whether she was pretty or not. Her countenance, full of laughter and love beaming through the truant tresses, was all eloquent with the beauty of a truthful, earnest nature.

"My dear Nellie, how you do look!" said Mrs. B—, as she drew the little girl towards her and smoothed back the rebellious curls.

"O, mother, it's not the least matter how I look! If I was a beauty, like Julia K—, I would keep my hair as smooth as—anything; but I would not rub my cheeks though, as she always does, just before she goes into a room where there is company—would you?"

The mother gazed at the child's expressive face as she spoke, and said to herself, "I would not change your looks for all Julia's beauty, spoiled as it is by vanity and affectation."

After a moment's pause she said, quietly, "Nellie, go and brush your hair, and change your shoes, and mend that rent in your dress as neatly as you can."

Nellie half pouted; but she met her mother's tranquil eye; the pout changed to a good-humored smile, and, kissing her affectionately, she bounded off to do her bidding.

And now we will tell you a few things about her. Mrs. B— was a widow, living in New York city. Her native land was England. Though poor, it was evident, from the order and arrangement of her humble dwelling, that she was a person of taste and culture; and from the little keepsakes which she had in her possession that she had formerly moved in good society.

Through the preaching of Heber C. Kimball and Orson Pratt, she and her husband had heard and embraced the gospel, or "Mormonism," as it is frequently called. This brought upon them persecution. Mr. B—, who had a good situation, was thrown out of employment. So, gathering his little means together, he, with his wife and child, set sail for America. But they had not means enough to reach their destination. They stopped at New York until they could acquire means to continue their journey. They had not been long there when the husband sickened and died. From that time Mrs. B— had lived very retired. Her skill with the needle made her self-supporting, and she devoted herself to the welfare of her child—a wild, frank, happy, generous and impetuous creature, with half a dozen glaring faults, and one rare virtue that nobly redeemed them all. What that virtue was, the reader will easily find out by reading this narrative.

And here we would remind the reader, that though Nellie's mother had no costly ornaments to deck her daughter, nor rich dresses, nor wealth by which she might receive the flattery of society, she had given her that which far surpasses either and all combined. She had taught her a reverence and love to God, a respect for age and worth, and a detestation of all those arts which command the flattery of men rather than the favor of God.

Quite different from the character of Mrs. B—, was that of another person, who lived next door. She also called herself a widow, that is to say she had not seen her husband for some time. She was a member of a fashionable church, and in all its social gatherings took a prominent part. It was quite amusing to observe on a Sabbath morning with what exquisite art she carried her pocket Bible, so as to show the gilding to good advantage as she tripped along the well-paved avenue, or up the broad aisle of Trinity Church. It is due to truth, however, to state that it bore no appearance of being used in any other way. Still Mrs. Williston, for such was the lady's name, considered herself a religious, intellectual, and beautiful lady; and to prove these assertions, she painted her cheeks, frizzled her hair, wore false ringlets, and wrote what she called poetry—wretched stuff indeed, in which the rules of grammar, rhyme and sense, were disregarded. These "poems," as she called them, she had the bad habit of leaving by accident between the leaves of books in the most frequented rooms of the house.

As she lived at her brother's house and had no family cares upon her mind, with plenty of means at her disposal, she had ample time to follow her inclinations, one of which was to meddle in the concerns of others. It was therefore not at all surprising that she should undertake the task of helping Nellie in writing her composition. So, seeing Nellie one morning busily engaged in writing, she exclaimed:

"That's right, Nellie, I am glad to see you taking to literary pursuits. Come, child! give me the pen and I will improve that sentence for you."

Nellie replied, "I thank you for your kind intentions, but really I cannot grant your request. Much as I wish to have my composition as perfect as possible, it would not be right for me, and then pass it off as my own. It wouldn't be fair, you know, to pass off another's as my own, especially as I am writing for a prize."

"Writing for a prize! So much the more reason that you should be assisted. There, dear, run away to your play, and I will write it all for you."

With every word thus uttered Nellie's eyes grew larger, and her look more earnest. At length, full of astonishment she turned from Mrs. Williston to her mother. As she caught the expression of her mother's face, she replied, "But that would be a falsehood, you know."

"A falsehood, Miss!" cried the lady sharply, "it is a very common thing, I assure you."

"But not the less false for being common," replied Mrs. B——, "please to let Nellie have her own way about it. It would be far better to lose the prize than to gain it dishonestly."

But Mrs. Williston determined to have *her* own way. What it was, the sequel will show; meanwhile Nellie was permitted to go on without further interruption.

The day of examination at length arrived. Nellie had written two copies of her composition, one she gave to the teacher, the other she kept for herself and friends in case the teacher's copy should get lost or misplaced. The subject of her essay was, "What girls can do." It was simple, neat and childlike; yet contained sentiments which reflected great credit on the training given to her by her mother, and contained ideas concerning duty and work, which few girls of her age possessed.

All who saw it seemed much pleased with it, except Mrs. Williston, who criticised it severely, at the same time she secretly determined to have her own way yet.

It was the morning of the examination. Nellie stood in the doorway, her satchel of books in one hand and her composition, neatly folded and enveloped, in the other. She wore a simple, yet tasteful, calico dress, which her mother had made for the occasion. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were all aglow with health, and her whole countenance beamed with hope—the cloudless hope of childhood.

"Don't be surprised, Nellie," said Mrs. Williston, "at anything that may happen to-day; only be silent and thankful if the prize is yours."

"If Susan O—— does not win it, I do hope I will," said the eager girl, and away she tripped to school.

At two o'clock the school examination was completed and it only remained for the compositions to be read aloud by the teacher.

The first was a sentimental essay on "Friendship." Mr. Willson, the teacher, as he read, looked first surprised, then amused, then vexed; while a gayly and fashionably-dressed lady, who occupied a conspicuous place in the assembly, was observed to toss her head, and fan herself with a very complacent air while she met with a nod the conscious eyes of a fair but haughty-looking girl of fifteen, seated among the pupils.

By Julia K——, said the teacher as he concluded, and without further comment, he took up the next—"A Ramble on the Sea Shore," by Susan O——. It was short and simple,

but showed habits of observation and a mind keenly alive to the beauties of nature.

The next was Nellie's, and as she listened her eyes dilated and her cheeks changed color. It was hers and yet it was not hers. Most of the ideas were hers but they were strangely distorted and interwoven, with them were many high-wrought sentences which she never heard of before. Nellie knew not what to think. She sat absorbed in reverie until Mr. Willson called her name. She looked up. In his hand was the prize—a beautifully bound volume of Eliza Cook's poems.

Slowly and quietly she moved toward the desk, but instantly formed a resolution to be true to her conscience and her mother's teaching.

"Miss Nellie, the first prize is yours," said the teacher; but she looked up bravely in his face and replied in a low but firm and distinct voice, "I did not write the essay you have read."

"Why then does it bear your name? have you practiced a deception upon us, and now repent it?" This stern language was followed by sneers from some near her. Poor Nellie! her lips quivered, her whole frame trembled with emotion, her eyes flashed and then filled with tears. At length she found strength to speak.

"My essay is not so good a one as that which you have read, so I must not take the prize. The essay I wrote was in that envelope yesterday; some one has changed it without my knowledge. 'Here,' she continued, 'is a copy of my essay, which I kept for fear the other copy should get lost.'"

In a moment the sneers were changed to applause, and Nellie felt amply repaid for all that she had suffered.

Nellie took her seat and Julia K—— was next called up. The face of Mrs. K—— was beaming with smiles, as Julia stepped to the desk expecting to get the prize.

"I cannot say much for your taste in selection, Miss K——," said the teacher, "the next time you wish to make an extract, get some person of judgment to choose for you. In fact I believe there are better things than this, even in the trashy magazine from which you have copied it."

With these words he handed her back the manuscript. Mrs. K—— turned very red in the face, and Julia, having returned to her seat, burst into tears of anger and mortification.

"Miss Susan O——, please come forward," said the teacher.

A plain but honest-looking girl stepped to the desk.

"Miss Susan," he continued, "I take great pleasure in presenting the reward due. Your essay is a credit to you, as it shows neatness in writing, care in choice of words, correct ideas, and habits of observation."

"I can only receive it on one condition," said Susan, "and that is that Nellie's essay is read before you decide in my favor."

"Nobly spoken," said Judge Tyson, who sat at the right hand of the teacher.

Nellie's essay was read; it was decided to give two prizes, one to Nellie and one to Susan, and this decision was unanimously approved of by the audience present. But this was not all. It brought the two girls into the notice of Judge Tyson. He engaged Nellie to assist in taking care of his children as he was just going to send his wife and children to the Catskill mountains to pass the heated months of Summer. Susan found a similar situation in the family of Judge Tyson's brother.

By this timely assistance the girls were able to collect means which aided Nellie and her mother, as well as Susan and her parents to reach Utah the following Summer.

Since then Nellie and Susan have gained many prizes, among which may be mentioned the prizes of honest, God-fearing husbands, and bright-eyed little prattlers have clustered around them; yet they have not forgotten those first prizes so nobly won in their early days.

Should this little sketch meet the eyes of "Susie" or "Nellie," it is to be hoped they will pardon any inaccuracies which it may possibly contain.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY W. J.

WE live in a peculiar world. The human family has become curiously classified. It has its lower stratum, its upper stratum, its middle stratum, and many other strata not easily enumerated. One class seems to be in the way of another. And what a glorious time we would have upon the earth if certain classes were removed from it for our special accommodation! If there were no Irish to bother the English, how nice it would be! But then the Irish would like to exterminate the English. And here we will not stop, for the English and Irish are offensive to others who would be pleased to know that they had ceased to exist; and these others are terribly in the way of other parties; and what a state affairs would be in if the Lord would allow each party in turn to remove an offensive party out of the way!

When the writer was a small boy, he first noticed this disposition manifested towards the Gypsies. They appeared to be in the way. "Move on!" seemed to be society's standing order in regard to them. The following crude lines show this:

"Pack and be out of this forthwith!
D'you know you have no business here?
'No; we ha'nt got,' said Samuel Smith.
'No business to be anywhere.'
So wearily they went away,
And soon they laughed as wild and gay,
And soon the kettle boiled again."

But this gayety was liable to interruption at any moment by the order to "move on," and the kettle must temporarily cease to boil.

A few years later and the Latter-day Saints, nick-named "Mormons," drew the writer's attention. They also seemed in the way. And if they, designedly or otherwise, got out of the way of one party, they seemed to get into the way of another. This reminds me of an incident in the life of Thomas H. Clark, Sen., once Bishop of Grantsville. He had been preaching the faith which removes mountains to some very pious sectarians in England, and they pointed out to him a big hill, or a little mountain, and desired him to remove it by faith. He readily consented to do this providing they would find him a place to remove it to. This put their righteous souls in a quandary, for there was no place adjacent where it possibly could be put without trespassing on some one's estate. But the Latter-day Saints are here to stay, and they will always be more or less in somebody's way until his satanic majesty is securely bound for a thousand years.

Still later, the writer noticed that the Indians, the primal owners of all this vast continent, appeared to be quite an obstacle in the way of the pale-faces. White men crowded

them, drove them, shot them down as they would wild beasts, took possession of their lands frequently without remunerating them, and thought they had but little right to live anywhere on this broad land. In the eyes of the government neither the Indians nor their rights were held in very high esteem; and it has been thought that God cared nothing, or but very little for the hunted, despised and degraded Indian race—the red man was the legitimate prey of the pale-face, and he must go to the wall, uncared for by man and unprotected by heaven. The following is the sentiment held and expressed concerning these aboriginal of this continent:

"Lo, the lean Indian, whose untutored mind,
Sees naught of God in either cloud or wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray—
It stayed itself, and now has lost its way.
Simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind some cloud-capped hill a sensual heaven;
Some place where toil can never force its way,
Nor science cast within one feeble ray;
No whites torment, nor Christian's 'stablished law
But he can loaf himself and work his squaw.
To loaf contents his natural desire—
He asks no angel wings to get up higher;
And if he did no angel from the sky,
Would think of taking 'Lo' up very high.
But grant the burden of his idle song—
Go where he likes and take his dog along."

But has the Lord forgotten the Indian? Is he uncared for and unprotected by heaven? Verily, no! God "hath made of one blood *all* nations of men for to dwell on *all* the face of the earth." The Indians are a portion of Israel's covenant seed. The Lord is remembering His covenant with their fathers, and His promises fail not. He promised their fathers that their seed "should never perish as long as the earth should stand;" therefore, their enemies will never be able to realize their desires to entirely destroy them. He also declared through Nephi, nearly twenty-five centuries ago: "And the gospel of Jesus Christ shall be declared among them; wherefore, they shall be restored unto the knowledge of their fathers, and also to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, which was had among their fathers. And then shall they rejoice; for they shall know that it is a blessing unto them from the hand of God; and their scales of darkness shall begin to fall from their eyes; and many generations shall not pass away among them, save they shall be a white and delightful people." These promises have been renewed in these last days. In the year 1830, the Lord said: "And now, behold I say unto you, that you shall go unto the Lamanites and preach my gospel unto them; and inasmuch as they receive your teachings, you shall cause my church to be established among them;" and further: "Before the great day of the Lord shall come, Jacob shall flourish in the wilderness, and the Lamanites shall blossom as the rose."

Last year the leaders in Israel were urged by the Lord to labor with greater zeal, earnestness and power, to redeem this retrograded branch of the house of Israel. New life, better organization and an increase of the power of God are the forces now at work for their salvation. The spirit of truth is preparing their hearts for a restoration to the knowledge and blessings of their ancient fathers, whose prayers are now being answered upon the heads of their posterity. Therefore, let no man or nation consider them in the way of civilization, and justifiably food for powder. Let no man or nation rob them of their property or their rights, for a day of reckoning will surely come for common men and mighty rulers of nations;

and the degraded, the hunted, the despoiled and the murdered Indian race will be present at the time of judging "according to the deeds done in the body;" and all men and nations who have cruelly wronged and murdered them will stand condemned before God. Therefore, let all men be considerate with them in their ignorance, treat them honorably, fairly and kindly. Try by precept and example to raise them to a higher plane, and thus secure the confidence of the Indian, and the favor and blessings of the Indian's God.

POETRY FOR PRIZE MUSIC.

SALT LAKE CITY,
June 1st, 1883.

To the General Superintendency of the Deseret Sunday School Union:

DEAR BRETHREN.—As there were a number of poetical pieces sent to the Union without music, during the period of the late competition for prizes, some of which are of considerable merit, your committee suggest that certain pieces be published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and that prizes be offered for the most suitable and meritorious music set to these words, under the following rules:

1st. There must be at least five competing pieces for each song or hymn, otherwise the committee will award at discretion.

2nd. Each piece is to be signed with a fictitious name, accompanied with sealed envelope containing real name and address, and forwarded to Brother Geo. Goddard, Salt Lake City.

3rd. No music heretofore published is open for competition.

4th. The same author is permitted to send more than one piece in competition for each prize.

5th. All pieces sent in, whether they receive a prize or not, become the property of the Union.

6th. No member of the awarding committee shall compete for prizes.

7th. Three months from the date of publication of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR in which each piece appears shall be allowed competitors to forward the music to such piece.

8th. The prizes shall be—first prize, \$5; second prize, \$3.

Respectfully,

GEO. REYNOLDS,

In behalf of the Publication Committee.

The above suggestions were adopted by the Sunday School Union.

SONG FOR CHILDREN.

BY JOHN LYON.

Thy people when oppress'd, O Lord,
Still hope and trust in Thee,
For Thou hast pledged Thy faithful word
Their safeguard still to be.
And tho' the threatening clouds may low'r,
And darkness shroud the earth,
They know there is a coming hour—
An endless day of mirth
Awaiting all the Saints of God
Who bore the persecutors' rod.

They then shall see the glorious sun
Again in splendor rise;
They'll be all those who lived and won
The Saints' immortal prize.
The meek, the loving and the just,
Th' forgiving and the pure,
Who put in God their only trust
For patience to endure;
These shall enjoy thro' endless years
Rewards for losses, blood, and tears.

ZION'S RECRUITS.

BY JOHN BURROWS.

We're a numerous band throughout fair Utah's land
And we live in the midst of the mountains;
We are learning the truth in the days of our youth
As it flows from its heavenly fountains.
Tho' scorn may be hurled by the wise of the world
While they pander to popular clamor,
God's laws we revere as sacred and dear,
While virtue's inscribed on our banner.

CHORUS:

We're Zion's recruits,
And we'll show by our fruits
That the knowledge of God is extending.
Our motto is Right
And we'll ever delight
In the faith of our fathers defending.

Our birthright appears, among prophets and seers,
Whom we honor with much veneration.
To the rich and the poor they have opened the door
Of salvation in this generation;
Their acts and their lives in heaven's archives
Will remain while eternity's rolling.
Our praises and songs with ten thousand tongues
Shall unite with the angels extolling.

Jehovah's our friend and He will defend
Our cause, by His power displaying;
In Him we will trust while down to the dust
Earthly empires are slowly decaying.
We'll welcome the day when justice shall sway
Her sceptre o'er every nation;
When sin shall be slain, and the righteous shall reign
With Messiah on this fair creation.

GUILT.—Guilt and shame (says the allegory) were at first companions, and in the beginning of their journey inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both: guilt gave shame frequent uneasiness, and shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of guilt. After a long disagreement, therefore, they at length consented to part for ever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to overtake fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner; but shame, being naturally timorous, returned back to keep company with virtue, which in the beginning of their journey had been left behind. Thus, my children, after men have traveled through a few stages in vice, shame forsakes them, and returns back to wait upon the few virtues they have still remaining.

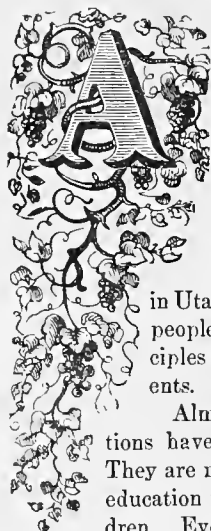
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 15, 1883.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



FEW years ago a prominent preacher of the Episcopal Church, stated in New York city that there was very little hope of converting adult "Mormons," but that the field for them to labor in was among the children. He said the "Mormon" people did not recognize the value of education, and this was an unguarded point in their system, and he appealed strongly to his listeners to aid in establishing schools in Utah which would be attractive to the young people and where they could be taught principles different to those believed in by their parents.

Almost all the so-called Christian denominations have taken this view of the situation in Utah. They are making open and determined efforts to use education to its utmost extent to lead away our children. Every kind of falsehood is circulated in the East concerning the condition of affairs here, in order to move upon the sympathies of ignorant people to contribute funds, and frantic appeals are constantly being made to the religious world to help in this work, which is described as being so laudable.

The *Christian Statesman*, of Philadelphia, in a recent issue says:

"All the leading churches are marching to Utah with a free and fearless pulpit and with Sabbath schools and day schools and the printing press. The Presbyterians have now a Presbytery with fifteen educated and ordained ministers stationed at different points. The young and vigorous New West Education Commission, organized in Chicago a few years ago for the purpose of Christian education, and which represents the congregational churches of the whole country, is now pouring its accomplished teachers, male and female, into every part of Utah, finding everywhere an open door, with large schools already organized, and the people, both children and adults, eager for Christian education. *This society has for its special aim the sending of Christian teachers to Mormon children.*"

After this a series of misrepresentations follow that are of the most hateful character. The writer anticipates that with the power of the government to maintain free speech, liberty of conscience and private judgment and all the rights of citizenship, great changes can be accomplished, and the deluded people will be brought into the full light of the day. The article closes with an appeal for government aid in the work of converting the people of Utah. It says:

"Pour in the light by all means. Multiply schools and churches and newspapers. But let not the agitation cease which secured the Edmunds bill, and which if continued, may yet stir even the politicians to the enactment of some more effective legislation."

It is very apparent that these people do not have confidence enough in their religion to trust it alone to work out the result

they hope for. They want the aid of government to bind us hand and foot, to destroy our religion, and place us under penalties for believing and practicing it. But the feature in this plan of attack to which we call special attention is the determination to do all in their power to lead away the young. If our young people can only be induced by the promise of a good education to go to these schools they think the object they have in view will be accomplished. There is no doubt either respecting the correctness—in part at least—of their views upon this point. As a people we should be on our guard. Far better for us, who have made every sacrifice for our religion, that we should still be willing to do everything in our power to implant and foster it in the minds of our offspring. No pains should be spared to furnish every child in our land a good education, and this education should not be imparted by anti-"Mormons," men and women opposed to our principles. Better far for us to spend our means in educating our children than to give it to them either without education or after they are educated by our enemies.

These emissaries of evil who come among us soon become satisfied that it is vain for them to try and convert the adults of this Church. But, backed up by the wealth of false Christianity, and like those of whom Jesus spoke [the Scribes and Pharisees]—who compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he was made they made him two-fold more the child of hell than themselves—they are determined to capture the children who in their innocence and ignorance of the world make them, as they think, an easy prey for their wicked schemes. As a people we cannot be too watchful upon this point.

A PROMPT BOY.—A little boy borrowed a saw from a neighbor, promising to return it at night. Before evening he was sent away on an errand, and did not return until late. Before he went, he was told that his brothers would see the saw returned. After he had come home and gone to bed, he inquired and found the saw was not returned. He was much distressed to think his promise was not fulfilled, but was finally persuaded to go to sleep, and rise early and carry it home. By daylight he was up and nowhere was the saw to be found. After a long and fruitless search, he set off to his neighbor's in great distress to acknowledge his fault. But how great was his surprise to find the saw at his neighbor's door; and it appeared, from the prints of little bare feet in the mud, that little Henry had *got up in his sleep* and carried the saw home, and went to bed again, and knew it not.

By-and-by and *to-morrow*, have ruined thousands, robbed them of their character, and made them anything but blessings in a neighborhood. Little confidence can be placed in their word, not because they mean to tell falsehoods, but because of their carelessness. No obligation is fulfilled when it should be; and it is sometimes so in their own affairs. They lose days and weeks because business is not attended to when it ought to be. It pays well to be prompt.

WITHOUT inspired truths, which are God's statements of facts, either future or invisible, we can make no discoveries in religion.

IF thou must need have thy revenge of thine enemy, with a soft tongue break his bones, heap coals of fire on his head, forgive him and enjoy it.

THE PUPPY AND THE LOBSTER.

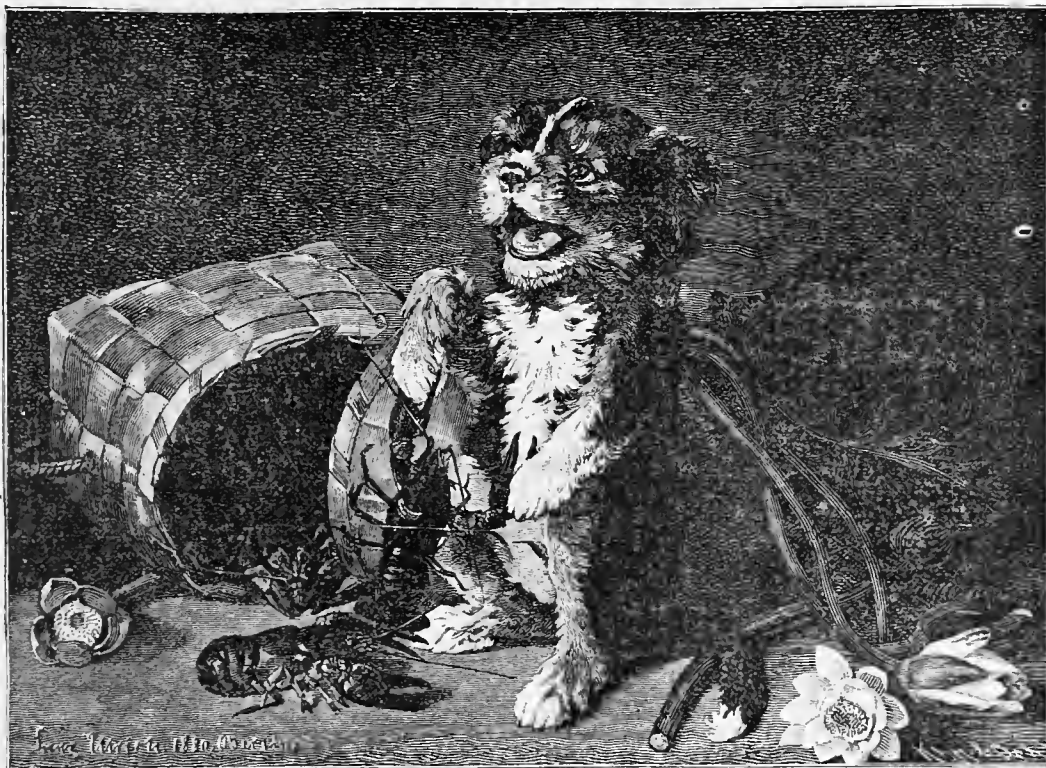
THE picture here shown is so expressive that it needs no description. If you will only take a look at it you will catch the idea that the artist intended to convey in much less time than it would take to explain it.

The unfortunate puppy, through his disposition to poke his nose into everything that comes in his way, in order to find something to satisfy his greedy appetite, has got himself into trouble. While looking about, smelling for something to eat he has come across a basket of lobsters. Thinking he has found a rich treat, he upsets the basket and eagerly thrusts in his paw to seize the contents. At the same time he chuckles to himself over what he supposes to be clear gain. But imagine his horror and surprise when, just as he is about to grasp his prey, he is nabbed by a huge lobster, who

themselves. But when they are just about to realize the fruits of their speculations, as they imagine, they find they have been bitten. Like the puppy, they are ready to howl with rage. They are now willing and anxious to expose their deceivers, not considering that they were equal with them in crime, but more unfortunate because their scheme failed. They were dishonest in their hearts, but did not succeed in victimizing any one because their designs were frustrated.

Such deceit is continually practiced upon the unwary by tricky persons; but most cases fail to be revealed, because the victims are chagrined at their conduct, and they would be liable to criminate themselves by making known their machinations.

Evidences of such roguery being practiced by men traveling in this territory came to light not long ago. A man called at a certain house and represented himself as an agent for some kind of a machine. He stated that he desired to leave the



clutches his paw so firmly that he is forced to yelp with pain.

There is a class of people who, in their disposition for getting gain, very much resemble the puppy of which we have been speaking. They are always sniffing about and prying into affairs to see where they can get something without honestly laboring for it.

There is another similar class of people who are equally anxious for acquiring property without working for it; but they are more crafty and artful than the others. They take advantage of this propensity people have for making money, and offer great inducements. Being unsophisticated in the trickery of these cunning people, and seeing a chance to make something, although in a dishonest way, they eagerly avail themselves of the opportunity. But they do not consider for a moment that they are being deceived; and they are crafty enough themselves to not let others know of their plans, for fear they might imitate their example in order to enrich

place, and would sell his agency very cheap, stating the price. But the person whom he offered it to did not wish to take it. The agent, however, insisted upon him taking his name and address in case he should change his mind. For the sake of getting rid of the fellow the man accepted his card, and he took his leave.

In a few days another stranger called upon the same individual. He stated that he understood this man had purchased the agency for a certain machine. He further said that he wished to buy the agency from him, and offered a price for it, which was much higher than the one he would have to pay for it. Seeing an opportunity to make a few dollars, the man procured the agency with the intention of selling it again to the person who had made application of him. But it proved to be that the latter was in league with the so-called agent, and as soon as the money was secured for the agency, both parties disappeared.

We hope none of our readers will be found guilty of any such practice. Remember that the only honest way of getting wealth is to labor for it. Of course, if any one makes you a present of anything because they consider you deserve it, you will not be doing wrong in accepting of it. But you should never expect to get money by speculating, gambling, or playing any game of chance. Money thus obtained will not prove a blessing to you, for your conscience will continually remind you that it was procured in a dishonest manner.

It should be the aim of all our boys and girls to earn what money they receive. They will then fully appreciate its value and will learn to be saving, and not spend their means foolishly.

DESERET S. S. UNION MEETING.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Union was held on Monday evening, May 7th, 1883, at the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, Assistant Superintendent George Goddard presiding.

Opened with music by the 18th Ward choir led by Superintendent H. G. Whitney; and prayer by acting Bishop R. Patrick.

Assistant Superintendent James Saville reported the 18th Ward Sunday school. With perhaps one exception, everything was in a very pleasing and satisfactory condition. The exception was the lack of a sufficient number of teachers to take care of the classes. This, however, was a general complaint. The school was doing much good among the young, a very general interest being taken in the school by most of the children of the Ward.

Minutes of last meeting, held April 6th, were read and adopted.

A beautiful sextette, with chorus was sung by the choir.

Elder George Reynolds read the reports of the literary and musical committees appointed to examine and pass upon the poetical and musical compositions offered in competition for the Union prizes. He also read the list of awards, which with the above reports are given below.

Sister R. McIntosh sang, "The Bells," with chorus by the choir.

Superintendent Goddard expressed his gratitude to the many contributors of music, songs, hymns and anthems, which were offered in competition for prizes by the Sunday School Union. Many contributions although not awarded prizes, will be utilized in enriching the song collection of the Union. It also afforded him pleasure to state that he had received many expressions of willingness to contribute to the call of the Union, not so much from the inducements offered as prizes, as a desire to aid by their feeble efforts, a cause so noble and praiseworthy. And this being the first effort made by the Sunday School Union in this direction, there are several points where improvements can be made in the future. Both committees had considerable labor in the performance of their arduous duties in making the awards.

On motion, a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the two committees for their labors.

Superintendent Goddard announced that in response to former calls quite a quantity of Church literature had been donated to the missions in the states. More missionaries would start in a few days and more contributions would be thankfully received.

Elder Heber J. Grant spoke briefly of the travels of Elder B. Young and himself in the southern stakes and their visits to many of the Sunday schools there. They found as large a proportion of children there as in other stakes. Also that the Saints felt as much interest, and were as active and able in the Sunday school cause as those in this city. He urged parents to sustain our Sunday schools and avail themselves of all the benefits to be derived from them for their children.

Counselor Joseph E. Taylor, of the presidency of Salt Lake stake, after some appropriate remarks with regard to completing the Sunday school organization of the stake, nominated Elder Richard S. Horne, as second Assistant to stake Superintendent J. C. Cutler, and Elder Joseph H. Parry as Assistant stake secretary of Sunday schools. Both were unanimously elected to fill these positions, and, being called upon expressed their willingness to perform the duties of their callings to the best of their ability.

It was then announced that Elder Thomas V. Williams would lecture at the next meeting and the 19th Ward would furnish music and door keepers.

Adjourned to the first Monday in June, at 7:30 p. m. at the same place.

Closed with an anthem by the choir, and benediction by Superintendent Kimball, of East Mill Creek.

COMMITTEE'S REPORTS.

SALT LAKE CITY,

May 7th, 1883.

To Superintendent George Q. Cannon and Officers of Sunday School Union:

BRETHREN—We, your committee, respectfully present to you the result of our labors, after a careful and impartial criticism of the musical compositions committed to our trust for that purpose.

We were unanimous in our decisions, and have made the awards according to our best judgment, and trust that our decisions will be in keeping with the confidence reposed in us (as judges) by your honorable body; and remain, your brethren in the gospel,

C. J. THOMAS,
GEO. CARELESS,
E. BEESLEY.

SALT LAKE CITY,

May 6th, 1883.

To the General Superintendency of the Deseret Sunday School Union:

DEAR BRETHREN—Your committee have much pleasure in presenting the accompanying list of awards made in conformity with the published offer of the Union to give two hundred dollars in various specified sums for the best anthems, hymns, songs, etc., forwarded to the Union under the conditions therein prescribed.

Your committee would state that a number of meritorious pieces have not been considered or passed upon for the reason that they had been previously published, and, according to the rule were thus barred from competition. Several hymns and poems were forwarded without music; but as Rule 5 states, "no separate pieces will be adjudged upon," they were not examined by the committee, but we trust composers will be found who will be willing to set the most worthy of these pieces to music.

In some classes your committee have found it impossible, consistent with justice, either to the author of the words or

the composer of the music, to award the entire prize to one production. In such cases they have divided the award, giving half to the composer of the piece of music awarded the prize by the musical committee, and half to the author of the hymn or song, as the case might be, which the committee considered most meritorious. In some cases your committee recommend special awards where a number of very excellent productions are found in one class.

Your committee have followed the awards of the musical committee in the classes devoted to the anthems, duets, and quartettes; first having satisfied themselves that there was nothing objectionable in the words which accompanied the music.

The members of your committee have used all diligence, and have endeavored to the best of their ability to act with impartiality to all. In all cases the awards were given without the committee being informed who were the authors or composers, but with the *nomes de plume* before them, and in the great majority of instances the decisions were unanimous.

Respectfully submitted.

GEORGE REYNOLDS,

L. G. RICHARDS,

L. W. RICHARDS,

T. C. GRIGGS,

ABRAM H. CANNON,

Publication Committee Deseret Sunday School Union.

AWARDS.

Class A—Hymns—Music and words by the same author; First prize, music and words, "Sacrament Prayer," E. Stephens, \$10.00; second prize, music, "Song Praise," E. Stephens, \$2.50; words, "From on High, etc.," F. Christensen, of Fairview, \$2.50.

Class B—Hymns—Music and words by different authors; First prize, music, "The Coming Day," E. Beesley, \$5.00; words, "The Incarnation," J. H. Ward, \$5. second prize, music, "Sabbath Hymn," H. S. Hansey, of Hyde Park, \$2.50; words, "Prepare ye the Way," H. W. Naisbitt, \$2.50; special prize, words, "Blessed are the Dead," H. W. Naisbitt, \$2.50.

Class C—Songs—Music and words by the same author; First prize, music, "Why did Mamma go to Heaven," E. Stephens, \$5.00; words, "The Fountains," J. S. Lewis, \$5.00; second prize, music, "Nora Ray," Henry A. Tuckett, \$2.50; words, "Temple Song," W. G. Bickley, of Beaver, \$2.50.

Class D—Songs—Music and words by different authors; First prize, music, "Come to Me in my Dreams," E. Stephens, \$5.00; words, "Jesus Shall Reign," L. G. Richards, \$5.00; second prize, music and words, "Sing Me a Song," Music, L. D. Edwards, Willard City, words, E. Stephens, \$5.00. Special prize, words, "Utah's Vales," E. B. Wells, \$3.00.

Class E—Best music to any hymn in L. D. S. Hymn book; First prize, "Awake my Slumbering Minstrel," A. C. Smyth, of Sarpete, \$5.00; second prize, "Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken," Jas. L. Hansey, of Hyde Park, \$3.00; third prize, Hymn on page 168, A. C. Smyth, \$2.00.

Class F—Best four part piece words and music by the same author; First prize, "Harvest Home," E. Stephens, \$10.00; second prize, "The Bells," E. Stephens \$5.00.

Class G—Best four part piece, words and music by different authors; First prize music—"Israel's War Song," H. A. Tuckett, \$5.00. First prize, words—"Loving One Another," L. G. Richards, \$5.00. Second prize music—"Song of the Seasons," E. Beesley, \$2.50.

Class H—Best anthem, words selected from the Book of Mormon or Doctrine and Covenants. First prize, "For I the Almighty," A. C. Smyth, \$25. Second prize, "And now Behold," L. D. Edwards, Willard City, \$15.

Class I—Best anthem, words selected or original. First prize, "They that trust in the Lord," H. A. Tuckett, \$15.00; second prize, "The Gathered Saints," E. Stephens, \$10.00; third prize, "Sleep thy last sleep," A. C. Smyth, \$5.00.

Class J—Best duet with accompaniment. First prize, "Let us Chamber over the Hillside," E. Stephens, \$10.00. Second prize, "If we Knew," L. D. Edwards, \$5.00.

Class K—Best male quartette with accompaniment. First prize, "The Lover's Good Night," E. Stephens, \$10.00. Second prize, "Song of the Mormon Battalion," E. Stephens, \$5.00.

MAY DAY IN LIVERPOOL.

BY AN OLD FRIEND TO THE JUVENILES.

"YE merry month of May," used to be inaugurated in England with festivities in which crowning the prettiest girl as May queen and dancing around a May pole were prominent features. May day used to be regarded as the proper occasion for throwing aside dull care and old and young uniting to celebrate the return of Spring by feasting and merry-making on the green. But this old-time custom is gradually becoming a thing of the past in this country, and is now only perpetuated in certain rural districts, where the inhabitants are more simple and antiquated in their habits generally than in the larger towns and cities. In Liverpool the good old-fashioned style of celebrating May day has given place to a regular 'carters' carnival."

Liverpool is noted for its fine draught horses. There are perhaps no better or finer-looking ones in the world. At least I have never seen any to equal them. It is true that all the horses of the city are not of this class. There is almost as great a variety of horses to be seen here as anywhere. In size they range all the way from the small, trim-built and fleet-footed Welsh pony—not so heavy as the Shetland pony, but much prettier—to the huge monsters of horses kept by some of the railway and shipping companies, capable of drawing the most enormous loads ever imposed on beasts of burden. In style, too, they differ almost as much as in size. There are the glossy-black Belgian horses, with their long, heavy manes and tails, magnificent animals in appearance, but possessing no endurance, valued only for their style and used only for funerals. Then in contradistinction to these there are lean, sorry-looking roadsters, made to look worse frequently by the fantastic style in which they are clipped—sometimes the legs, at other times the body only being shorn of hair, and very often the mane being clipped close—which are driven on omnibuses, used very hard and seem to possess no end of endurance. Then between these two last styles there are the street-car horses and those belonging to butchers and various tradesmen, a great proportion of which are really very good animals, and well kept. In fact, I may say that the horses in this country generally show far better usage than in America. It is a very, very rare thing here to see a horse with ring-bone, swoeny, spavin, or any of the other common complaints from which horses suffer in America. Last among the equines common here may be mentioned the donkey, of which Liverpool has its full quota of the small, scrawny kind, which draw incredible loads and are beaten and bawled at vociferously by their lubberly drivers. As a rule, the smaller the donkey the greater the noise made by the driver.

Well, May day is the great day of the year for Liverpool horses. I think I am safe in saying that they fare better for a season before that day than after it, and as a result they appear to the best possible advantage. I never saw fatter and better kept horses. Ambitious drivers, anxious to gain public admiration by the fine appearance of their animals, and appreciating the extra day's wages which their masters generously give them on such an occasion, probably busy themselves most of the night previous in grooming their horses, cleaning and polishing their harness and washing their carts and lorries for the exhibition. May day morning finds the carters dressed in their best clothes, their horses gaily caparisoned and bedecked with flowers and ribbons, and many of their carts freshly painted and freighted with their wives,

children, sweet-hearts and friends, making preparations for the grand parade. Noon finds a hundred thousand people assembled in the region of St. George's Hall, eager to see the procession, which for lack of space to form in the midst of such a crowd, has to branch off in several directions, so that whichever way a person turns he is almost sure to meet portions of it traversing the streets, slowly and with frequent delays, caused by the blocking up of the road at cross streets. Good humor prevails, even the policemen laboring with the utmost patience to prevent confusion or accident and commanding attention and willing obedience from the drivers by a simple wave of the hand. Of course the horses are the main attraction, and many of the animals are really superb in appearance, but the various kinds of vehicles and fire-extinguishing apparatus in the procession, as well as a number of grotesque character exhibitions in connection with advertizing schemes, present an interesting study. Even the "gamins" of the street seem to partake of the spirit of the occasion, and many of them are to be seen prancing around *a la* equine, with strings in their mouths which are held on by their fellows. An occasional brass band helps to enliven the scene by inspiring strains of music, and the enthusiasm which prevails is scarcely surpassed by a 24th of July celebration in Utah. From the immense number of people on the streets it would seem that the day is observed throughout Liverpool by a suspension of work generally, but there is nothing about the appearance of a great proportion of the people to indicate that it is a holiday. Ragged and dirty-faced women and children with hair unkempt, and many of them very dissolute in appearance, throng the streets, jostle the best dressed people in the crowd and scramble upon the passing vehicles without any sense of shame. With this exception, however, the exhibition is very pleasing and so far as the display of horse-flesh is concerned it is certainly very creditable and calculated to do a great deal of good by exciting emulation between horse owners and horse drivers.

"MORMON" AND GENTILE INTER-MARRIAGE.

BY HAGOTH.

IN an April issue of the *Deseret News* I noticed the following upon the subject of this article: "Look around, young men and young ladies, among those who have given no heed to this kind of advice and see how many really happy and abiding unions have been formed. Where you can find one, ten, aye a score can be pointed out which have resulted in neglect, desertion, betrayal, disgust, separation or misery in some extreme shape."

I think this subject is one of great importance to the youth of Zion, and I will give what has come under my observation for their benefit. I have known of many instances where young women have married outsiders, who after the honeymoon was over, left them to themselves to turn again to their friends and relatives for comfort and support.

One instance I remember well. A young woman of sixteen possessed of unusual natural ability and rare accomplishments, one who might have been an ornament in society and an honor to her family, became enamored with a young man—a stranger—who had set up a small grocery in the village. The tears and entreaties of a mother, the counsels and persuasions of friends, were all unheeded and set aside, for the smooth

tongue of a serpent had beguiled her. At the wedding the grandfather said, "I would rather follow you to your grave than see you marry that man." In course of time the husband became bankrupt and left her for parts unknown. She had lost the respect of friends; her place in society had been filled by the more worthy; her self-respect too was gone, and she came now to realize what she had lost. But too late. The tears, the suffering of years could not regain it. After a few years she married again, this time a Latter-day Saint, but her life can never be what it might have been.

A few days since on one of our railroad trains I met a young woman I had known but two years before, as a happy light-hearted girl, full of health and vigor, but oh, how changed! I could scarcely recognize her now in the thin, sad-faced, hollow-eyed person before me. Her story was this: She had become acquainted with a "dashing young fellow," a conductor whom she had met at a ball. She had danced with him. They had taken a drive together. She had yielded to his flatteries and learned to love him. The advice of parents was vain. She had eloped with him to one of our northern towns where he had left her on a pretense of seeking employment. He had written twice a week, then once, once a month and, at last, ceased altogether. A year rolled by, but still he returned not, until at last she learned from a friend that he had seen him at the gaming table—a drunken gambler.

Who could know what she had suffered! But I know that great internal convulsions only, could produce the outward changes I saw. I, too, had met her destroyer in Montana, and knowing her love was lost I advised her to return home to her mother. "No! No!" she said. "I could never meet mother; I said I would never come back again." I told her her mother would forgive, and after the first gush of tears at meeting she would find the dearest and truest friends she had on earth were her father and mother. She promised to go if they ever asked her.

Next day I wrote her parents of her whereabouts and condition, telling them to say only "come home." I afterwards learned that a letter came containing money for the passage with these words: "We will meet you at the depot Wednesday. Come home." She did so, but ever must remain in this life, a wreck.

I have noticed while abroad on missions, many instances where members would wed with non-members and never yet have known of a single instance where they have lived happily together. I met one lady who married a young man of her acquaintance, lived with him for forty years trying to get him to see as she saw; at last she left him behind and with two of her children came to Zion. Another, a member of the branch where I once labored, married a non-"Mormon" against the council of her parents. She expected to be happy and that her husband would go to Zion. I met her lately, she was glad to see me, but would have given worlds if her husband had not spoken harshly to her in my presence. I saw the tears gathering in her eyes, and making some trifling excuse withdrew. They are in Babylon yet, and unless she comes alone, I fear she will never come.

Therefore, I cannot protest too strongly against marrying Gentiles. It is contrary to the will of God and will be visited with sorrow. If we break the law we must suffer the penalty, which is sorrow, suffering and tears and finally a blasted home and a broken heart.

Young ladies look around you. Shun the smooth-tongued flatterer as you would a serpent coiled in your path, for in the

trail of one is disappointment, desertion and a life of shame, in the other, death. Think of this and avoid the stranger, 'tis better to nip love in the bud, to suffer only for a day or two, than to throw yourselves away and never know what true happiness is. Profit by the experience of others who were just as smart, just as pretty, knew just as much about their affianced and loved just as much as you; yet were disappointed. Ask them to-day what they would do if they could live over again. *Follow not their examples.*

Chapter for the Little Ones.

THE BEST FRIEND.

(Continued from page 175.)

"He was a bold youth," remarked Strasse. "When we recall how nearly our late king put to death his own son and heir for a very trifling cause, one cannot but marvel at the perseverance of Helden."

"The king," continued Von Orlich, "was engaged, till far into the night, in secret conference with one of his ministers. Helden, full of deep anxiety, remained in the ante-room waiting. So long had he to wait, so weary he grew, less perhaps from the lateness of the hour than the wear upon his own spirits, that sleep overcame the poor youth. The king, happening to come out of his cabinet, found his page in deep slumber in an arm-chair, with what looked like a second petition sticking half out of his pocket.

"If that audacious young scapegrace dare to pester me again with his petitions, he shall get something sharper than words." Such, I suspect, was his majesty's thought when, without awakening the page, curiosity made him draw forth the scroll. Perhaps, however, his countenance changed when his eye glanced over the strange petition which it contained. It was very brief, but to the purpose; and was, as well as I can remember, in these words; 'Sire, if the sentence passed on Carl must be executed, I entreat your majesty's permission to suffer instead of my friend.'"

"A strange petition, indeed," exclaimed Strasse. "What said the king to the offer?"

"Stern and rigid as he was," replied Von Orlich, "such generous friendship, such brave self-devotion, could not but touch his heart. I know not how long Helden slumbered. He was startled from his sleep by the sound of the bell rung by the king in his cabinet.

"Now for the effort!" thought Helden, as he

sprang forward with a beating heart to obey the desired and yet dreaded summons. He found the king sitting alone, looking more than usually stern. Helden received some tritling order from the monarch, who then motioned to him to retire.

"Now, or never!" said Helden to himself, "the day will soon dawn, and at sunrise poor Carl is to suffer."

"Why do you delay?" asked the king very harshly, fixing his freezing gaze on the page.

"Sire, pardon!" exclaimed Helden, and bending his knee, he drew forth a scroll, and presented it to his sovereign.

"Will you agree to stand by the consequences?" demanded the king, without touching the paper.

"I will, sire," replied the generous friend.

"Read the contents, then, young man!" said the king.

"Helden opened the scroll, and started to his feet with an exclamation of joyful surprise. The paper contained, not his own generous offer, but a full free pardon for his friend, drawn out and signed by the monarch himself.

"God had touched the king's heart," observed Strasse.

"Be that as it may," said Von Orlich, "Carl was saved from a punishment which would have driven him mad; and he lived to pay back this day part of the debt of gratitude which he owed to the best of friends!"

"What!" exclaimed Strasse in surprise, "you yourself are the Carl of whom you speak?"

"Ay; I have struggled upwards in life, won honors—a star was glittering on his breast—"I have gained the wealth and position which are the prizes held out by war; but were the king to make me a duke," continued Von Orlich with emotion, "the pleasure and the honor would be small compared to what I felt to-day in proving my gratitude to the man who once offered to suffer in my stead!"

"It is strange," observed Strasse with a thoughtful sigh, as he looked into the flickering fire, "how apt we are to reserve all our gratitude for our fellow-man, forgetful of the Friend who not only offered to suffer, but actually did suffer in our stead! You braved fire and sword for one who loved and saved you; shall our love be cold, and our courage faint, only when our debt is infinite, and our benefactor divine?"

Von Orlich made no reply; but as he silently gazed up into the blue starry heavens, almost for the first time in his life the heart of the war-worn veteran rose in thanksgiving to God!

NIGHT SCENES IN A GREAT CITY.

BY KENNON.

(Continued from page 167.)

WHILE Flynn was speaking a rolling sound like thunder seemed to surge towards us from an adjoining street, and as we rounded a corner on a sharp trot we found ourselves enveloped in a suffocating cloud of dust. We dashed through as quickly as possible, and when we were safe beyond, my companion said, "The street-sweepers."

A few squares further on was the place at which the milkman and the baker were in the habit of meeting to exchange commodities and enjoy an early morning lunch. So I dismounted and, learning from Flynn where I would find himself and associates in half an hour's time, I stopped to watch the new sight. Unlike what most of the children of Utah are acquainted with the streets where I was standing were paved with stone. Small blocks about six inches in breadth and thickness and nine inches in length, were set up on end side by side. This pavement covered the street from one curb to the other, while the sidewalks consisted of stone-flagging, asphalt or wood. Under such circumstances, one would naturally suppose that there could not be any great accumulation of dirt. But each week the cleaners seemed to find enough to justify them in sweeping with their huge machines. These latter are peculiar "brooms." Imagine a running gear like that of a lumber wagon, only five times heavier, being constructed entirely of iron; between the front and back wheels a strong metal arch, below which is suspended a circular brush about nine feet long and three feet in diameter. This broom is connected by cogs with the wheels of the carriage, and revolves at a rapid rate when the wheels are moved. A backward slant of the brush causes all the sweepings to be forced toward the curb. One of these machines follows another—sometimes three or four almost in line, each one being nearer to the curb than its predecessor. The last broom leaves a long pile of dirt at the side of the street. Each machine is drawn rapidly by four or six horses, according to its weight. When several of them are moving along the street at one time, their noise is deafening. The dust they raise, notwithstanding the fact that their course has previously been marked out by the passage of the sprinkling cart, is suffocating.

I braved the noise and dirt and stood under a dust-bedimmed gas light to watch the motions of these night workers. After the machines, which soon passed the spot at which I was standing, came a small army of men, some with heavy cane brooms, others with shovels and still others with carts. They gathered up the dirt with amazing rapidity, and continued in the wake of the brushes. I was left standing alone, but did not feel lonely; the air was too full of a mighty noise. The machines though blocks beyond, still made a prodigious clatter equal to the roar of a railway train when passing over a bridge. The sound was echoed and re-echoed from the tall houses on either side of the narrow street, at first with mighty reverberations and then in slow diminuendo, until it resembled only an insect's hum. What a strange effect this thing had upon the mind. The rumbling, growling machines and the band of grimy, silent followers, gathering every loose scrap which came in their way, reminded one of the mighty besom of destruction. The street lamps had been clouded

as if in a fog, and as their dim lights rested upon the queer cavalcade as it passed, it seemed to consist of a horde of swarthy imps with their infernal machines, engaged in some unholy midnight work, instead of being the commonplace, toiling street sweepers of a very practical, every-day city.

I soon rejoined Flynn, and was glad to share his loaf and can. There was certainly nothing unhealthily imaginary about my appetite; and I had barely finished my lunch, when he said: "Come, I see the dawn winking at us. We must get in before we catch the full radiance of her smile."

(To be Continued.)

HENRY CLAY.

HENRY CLAY was born in Virginia, April 12, 1777. He was the fifth of a family of seven children, which, at an early age, were left to the care of a widowed mother. He attended a log-cabin school-house, which had no floor but the earth, and no window but the door. Here he learned reading, writing and obtained a little insight into arithmetic. He worked about the farm and carried grain to the mill. Hence in after life, when he had become the foremost statesman of the age, his admirers delighted to apply to him the name, "The Mill-boy of the Slashes." The Slashes being the name of the neighborhood where his mother resided. It was customary to depict him on his errands to the mill riding a horse without a saddle, and with a rope for a bridle.

At the age of fourteen he was placed in a store, and at the end of a year was removed from there and put at a desk in the office of the clerk of Chancery. At this period Clay was so awkward in manner as to excite the mirth and derision of his fellow-clerks. He was dressed in a suit of homespun of the complexion of pepper and salt. His linen was excessively starched and the tail of his coat stood out at an alarming angle.

Young Clay was put to copying, but was not satisfied with being a mere copyist. He gathered facts and hints from the pages he transcribed and became fired with a desire for knowledge, so that not in legal knowledge, but in the classics, in history, in literature he was a continual student. Besides this, he sought to improve by listening to the wisdom of his seniors, rather than to dissipate his time and talents in amusements with his fellow-students. He thus secured the esteem of men who could appreciate his character. His relations were also of an elevating character. Like seeks like—and with other young men, like himself, studious and ambitious, he combined amusement with instruction in the exercises of a debating society.

Now he began to practice law at Lexington. His knowledge of human nature, and faculties of persuasion, rendered him peculiarly successful in his appeals to a jury, and he obtained great celebrity. The power he exercised over masses of men rendered him an invaluable speaker on political subjects; and he was soon drawn into the broad arena of politics. He rose by successive grades to many positions of honor, and was known all over the land as a wise statesman.—*Selected.*

THE nominal professions of religion with which many persons content themselves, seem to fit them for little else than to disgrace Christianity by their practice.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN visiting one of our conferences recently I was greatly surprised to hear it stated that some of our Elders were discussing and believing in the theory of Darwin respecting the origin of man. How any man with any knowledge of the gospel can think it worth his while to spend time upon discussion of this question, but more especially to believe in it, I can scarcely comprehend; for the whole faith of the Latter-day Saints from beginning to end disproves Darwin's theory respecting man's origin.

The Prophet Joseph in his boyhood sought the Lord with a faith that prevailed. He was a chosen instrument sent to the earth with a mission, and that mission was to lay the foundation, under the direction of the Almighty, of this latter-day work. The first manifestation that he had was the appearance of the Father and the Son. He saw them and they conversed with him. The Father introduced the Son with the remark: "This is my beloved Son, hear Him." There were two personages, and like the brother of Jared, he saw that they were in the form of man, or in other words that man is the image of Deity.

Now, for the first time in very many generations a mortal man was found who had seen God and knew concerning His appearance. There was no longer room for speculation as to the character and attributes of Deity. The necessity for discussion upon this point ceased from this time forward with those who believed the testimony of the Prophet Joseph. The statements made by some of the religious sects that He was a Being without body, parts and passions, were to Joseph and to those who believed in his testimony, sheer nonsense and utterly devoid of truth. Jesus is the Son of God, and the express image of His Father's person, and the rest of the human family are His brothers and sisters and are like Him in bodily form. In other words, we are the children of God, not in a figurative sense, but truly and really His offspring and descended from Him. Every Latter-day Saint who is in truth entitled to the name must believe this, and if so, where is there room found for believing in Darwin's theory?

Perhaps some of my readers may not be acquainted with the ideas that Darwin sets forth. His theory is, that man has ascended by successive steps through a long series of ages from a lower condition of existence up to his present perfection. This is what is called the doctrine of evolution. Believers in this theory indulge in the idea that there was a time when man occupied no higher position in creation than the monkey tribes now do, and that still farther back they were even lower than this.

But upon no point does the beauty and advantage of new revelation from God appear more clearly than in this case. Though the Christian world have the Bible, yet with all its writings many of them accept the doctrines of Darwin. Not long since I heard a man, who called himself a Christian minister, preach from the pulpit this doctrine, and speak about man in his present perfection as the product of ages of evolution. The Bible has not prevented such men, though they profess to be guided by the written word of God, from falling into such gross errors; but there is no room for Latter-day Saints who have faith, to indulge in such vagaries. God has revealed to us clearly that before we came here and occupied tabernacles, we had a spiritual existence with Him, just as Jesus did. When the veil was removed and the brother

of Jared saw Jesus he saw Him in a spiritual body, just as He appeared afterwards in His fleshly tabernacle on the earth. When the Lord showed Abraham a vision of the spirits of men, as we are told in this record He did, He showed them to him as they afterwards would appear in the fleshly tabernacles. All the teachings that we have heard from inspired men in our day are to the effect that in the resurrection we shall know each other again; that our bodies are in the likeness of our spirits. This being the case, how would it be possible for us to have progressed from a lower condition according to the theory of Darwin and his followers? One ray of light from the eternal world dispels such delusive ideas and gives men knowledge concerning themselves, their origin and the character and attributes of God their eternal Father.

There is no necessity for one moment being spent by any Elder in the Church in discussing the truth or falsity of these things. The truth, as God has revealed it, removes all doubt. He has revealed Himself. He has permitted His Son Jesus to reveal Himself. In His condescension and mercy He has declared to us that He is our Father. We know our relationship to Him. It is to God we look as our Parent, and not to some lower order of creatures, such as monkeys or even lower creatures. And if I should hear of an Elder of this Church lending credence to Darwin's theories concerning the origin of man, I should want no better evidence than that fact that he had lost the Spirit of his calling and had fallen into darkness and unbelief.

MAN'S BUSINESS IN LIFE.

MEN'S proper business in this world falls mainly into three divisions: First, to know themselves, and the existing state of the things they have to do with. Secondly, to be happy in themselves and in the existing of things. Thirdly, to mend themselves, and the existing state of things, as far as either are marred and mendable.

These, I say, are the three plain divisions of proper human business on this earth. For these three, the following are usually substituted and adopted by human creatures: First, to be totally ignorant of themselves and the existing state of things. Secondly, to be miserable in themselves and in the existing state of things. Thirdly, to let themselves, and the existing state of things, alone (at least, in the way of correction).

The dispositions which induce us to manage, thus wisely, the affairs of this life seem to be:

First, a fear of disagreeable facts, and conscious shrinking from clearness of light, which keep us from examining ourselves, and increase gradually into a species of instinctive terror at all truth, and love of glosses, veils, and decorative lies of every sort.

Secondly, a general readiness to take delight in anything past, future, far off, or somewhere else, rather than in things now, near, and here; leading us gradually to place our pleasure principally in the exercise of the imagination, and to build our satisfaction on things as they are *not*. Which power being one not accorded to the lower animals, and having indeed, when disciplined, a very noble use, we pride ourselves upon it, whether disciplined or not, and pass our lives complacently, in substantial discontent, and visionary satisfaction.—*John Ruskin.*

ROCK OF MY REFUGE.

1 As swiftly my days go out on the wing, As onward my bark drifts o-ver the sea, } O Father in heaven, this
 2 Dark sorrow may come with many a tear, Stern trials in life my portion may be; }
 3 Till angels of light my summons shall bring, I'll upward with joy my spir-it shall flee, }

song will I sing: The rock of my refuge is Thee, The rock of my refuge is Thee. Rock of my refuge so
 sure: Rock of my refuge so strong; O hide me therein From danger and sin, While here I am singing my song.
 so sure, so strong,

THE INFLUENCE OF GOOD
AND EVIL.

BY S. C. WATSON.

There are guardian angels ever
 Watching o'er the paths we tread;
 Ever watching, weary never,
 If we will by them be led.
 Watching lest our footsteps falter
 As we walk life's rugged road;
 Watching lest our course we alter,
 And we reach not that abode
 Where they ever strive to lead us:
 In the paths the good have trod,
 And with strength and hope to feed us,
 Till they lead us up to God.

There are angels watching ever,
 Dark intents and thoughts have they;
 They may weary, but they never
 Leave us if we go astray.
 But to darker road they lead us,
 On to doubt and dark despair;
 Swiftly downward they will speed us
 With allurements seeming fair;
 But their ways lead to perdition
 They would have us full—they fell:
 Darkness now is their condition;
 Darkness leadeth down to hell.
 When they beckon shall we follow
 Those who come to be our guide?
 Or, allured by baubles hollow,
 Shall we turn our steps aside?

Life and light our right hand offers,
 Peace and joy our steps insure;
 On our left are tempting scoffers,
 Gilded traps that will allure.
 Agency to us is given,
 We can choose the left or right;
 One leads back to God and heaven;
 One to everlasting night.

The answer to the Enigma in No. 10, is the letter X.
 We have received a correct solution from Elizabeth Ann
 Mumford, Herriman.

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